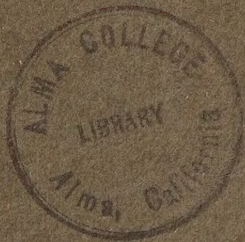




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

<https://archive.org/details/lifeofsaintthere0000vari>

Life of
Saint Thérèse
of the Child Jesus



270.05

F 2114

*Life of Saint Thérèse
of the Child Jesus*

Life of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus

In Pictures

*Verses Translated from the French by the
Carmelites of Santa-Clara, Cal., U.S.A.*

Property of
CLgA

Please return to

Graduate Theological

Union Library



L o n d o n

Burns Oates & Washbourne Limited

Publishers to the Holy See

1930

22723

NIHIL OBSTAT

G. H. Joyce, S.J., *Censor Deputatus*

IMPRIMATUR

Edm. Can. Surmont, *Vicarius Generalis*

WESTMONASTERII,

Die 22 Novembris, 1923

DEPOTS :

CANADA : J. Goyer
1382, St Hubert Street
Montreal

UNITED STATES : I. Farley
442, Cilley Road
Manchester, N.H.

Made and Printed in Great Britain

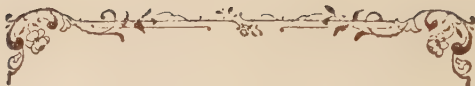


— 1 —



Thérèse of the *Child* Jesus, hail !
Blest *Child* art thou thyself most sweet
Thy virtues we recall, nor fail
To render thee our homage meet :
To honour Jesus is our rôle—
Thy praise we sing with one accord,
To exalt thy pure angelic soul
Is to give glory to the Lord.





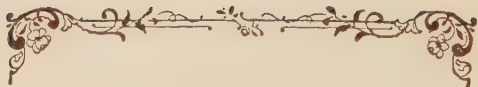
— 2 —

“Little Thérèse”
under the protection of her Angel
Guardian on the day of her birth.



January, eighteen seventy-three,
Near midnight on the second day,
Thérèse was born our joy to be :
A tiny babe on earth she lay,
Her mission was to sing of love—
Her Angel said—with heart of fire,
“ Her destiny is great above.”
“Glory to God,” sang Heavenly Choir





— 3 —

The Baptism of Saint Thérèse
at Notre-Dame, Alençon.

January 4, 1873.



Born but a day she was baptised—
A lily virginal became—
And Mother Church her jewel prized,
A Temple lit by spirit flame.
Her eldest sister, twelve years old,
Was sponsor like her godfather,
Named “little Queen” with love untold,
A suite of children followed her.





— 4 —

“Little Thérèse” with her nurse.

At Semallé (Orne).



Her tender mother had to make
A sacrifice that cost her dear,
And to a distant village take
Her treasure loved, for one long year.
The Curé blessed our heroine,
Then languid as a drooping flower,
And all the children soon begin
To feel her gracious, winning power.





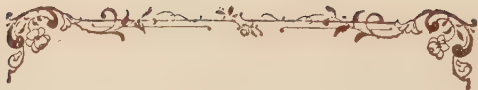
— 5 —

The child returns to Alençon with her parents. She escapes one day in a pouring rain to go to church.



What joy to welcome her return
To her fond home with happy feast.
Her little soul with love did burn,
Her piety each day increased.
One Sunday when with watery tide
The heavens poured and poured again,
“I want to go to Mass,” she cried;
And see her running through the rain.





— 6 —

A Dream of "Little Thérèse"
when two years old.



Dreaming one night, the little one
Saw two black demons fiery eyed;
Swift from her sight they turned to run,
They could not her pure gaze abide.
Did Lucifer behold some sign,
Foretelling how this wondrous child,
By power o'er the Heart divine,
Would vanquish all his arts defiled?





— 7 —

The child near her sister Céline
counts her practices of virtue.



Thérèse was only three years old,
When, with courageous step, she trod
In virtue's path with love untold,
“ Refusing naught to the good God.”
Céline she tells of vict'ries won,
Of fights for heavenly diadem ;
Then, whispering, to be heard by none,
On her wee fingers counted them.





— 8 —

Seated on the knees of her pious
mother "Little Thérèse" learns
to pray.



'Tis now vacation,—eve is nigh,
The children are all gathered near,
Save the four innocents on high,
Who watch from heaven their sisters here ;
And seated on her mother's knee,
Thérèse, the lambkin of the fold,
Learns how to pray so fervently,
E're in her little cradle rolled.





— 9 —

Thérèse at four years of age
and her Mother.

After a drawing by Céline.



Her saintly mother only saw
Her child's eternal destiny;
Exile on earth was meant to draw
The soul to Love's eternity.
Still young, from home she was withdrawn,
Torn from her children's loving kiss ;
But joy denied and sorrow borne
Oft wins from God eternal bliss.





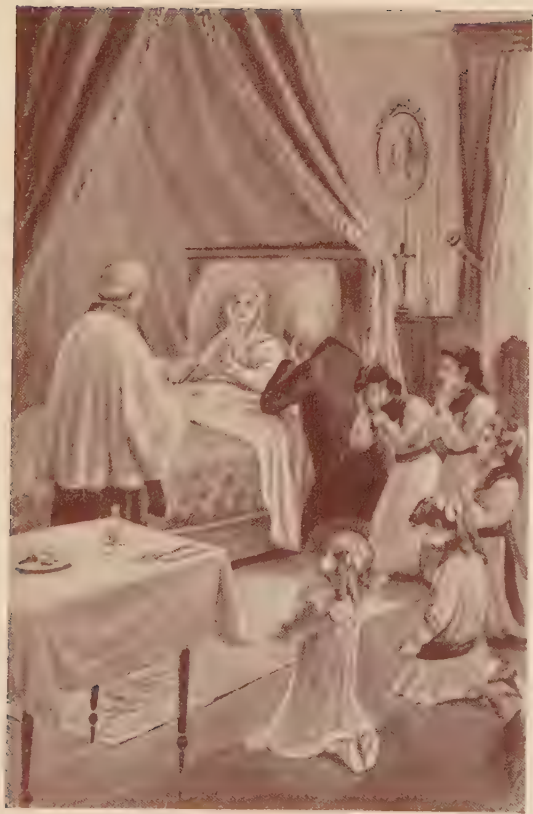
-- 10 --

The child with her father and sisters
is present at the anointing of her
dying mother.

August 28, 1877.



Thérèse was not five years of age,
When from her arms her mother went,
Faith only could her grief assuage,
The day of life's last Sacrament.
O sunny childhood, dazzling bright,
Adieu, my heart hath tasted pain,
I sit in dark of sorrow's night,
Deep caverns in my soul remain.





— 11 —

Mr. Martin and his children move to
“Les Buissonnets” at Lisieux.

November, 1877.



But soon they dwell 'mid other spheres,
And to Lisieux they wend their way ;
Thérèse, her eyes still wet with tears,
Will see full many a happy day.
Behold this lovely belvedere,
'Tis Buissonnets with garden fair,
A father fond, and sisters near,
To guide her with unceasing care.





— 12 —

Thérèse discovers in the heavens a
group of stars forming a T.



O little one, what dost thou see,
Holding thy tender father's hand?
“I'm looking at a dazzling T
With pearls of gold in shining band ;
That I may see quite at my ease
My name, Thérèse, before my eyes,
Dear Papa, lead me, if you please,
O joy ! 'tis written in the skies !”



Conrad & Lauer
1919



- 13 -

“ Little Thérèse ” fishes with her
father.



When Thérèse was taken out to fish,
On the fresh grass she sat apart;
And oh ! it was her dearest wish
To look to heaven and lift her heart.
The murmur of the streamlets there,
The wind, the perfumes of the wood,
The distant clarion on the air,
Saddened her heart to solitude.





— 14 —

“Little Thérèse” giving an alms.



Compassionate of all distress,
How tenderly the poor she fed !
Her manner sweet brought happiness
When giving little alms of bread,
And if at times one called her near
To bless her in God's holy Name,
Her eyes betrayed the falling tear,
No greater joy her heart could claim.





— 15 —

An evening at home.



Night falls and all together sit,
Beneath the lamp's clear, shining dome,
In cheerful rest—God blesseth it,
Sweet pleasure of the Christian home!
Thérèse is basking in the light,
On "Papa-King's" inviting knee,
"My mother I have found to-night,
Her heart in his still shelters me."





— 16 —

Thérèse prays with her father in the
chapel of the Carmel of Lisieux.



She made a visit one fair day
To Carmel's Tabernacle shrine,
And soon she heard her father say,
“Look near the altar, child of mine,
Dost see, behind that darksome grate
Souls go, that they may perfect be,
Angels of prayer their heavenly state.”
She looked and listened pensively.





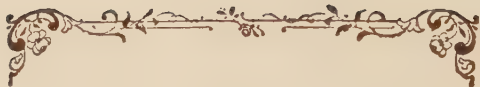
— 17 —

Thérèse scattering flowers before
the Blessed Sacrament on the
feast of Corpus Christi.



O Feast most beautiful of all,
Thérèse, how thou hast loved this day !
What bliss to see thy petals fall
Upon the Lord's approaching way !
And if thy rose flung high in air,
With ardour of thy heart's caress,
Might touch the sacred Monstrance there,
Ah ! 'twas the height of happiness !





— 18 —

The child at the seashore with her
sister Pauline.



Pauline, at Trouville near the sea,
Sat with th' angelic little one,
Conversing in tranquillity
Before the softly setting sun ;
She watched the widening stream of gold.
And with a mute and silent prayer,
Jesus, her Sun, did she behold,
And saw her light barque cleave the air.





— 19 —

Thérèse and her cousin Marie Guérin
playing at solitaires in the “garden
of the Star” near “Les Buissonnets.”



Thérèse a hermit now would be,
With Marie Guérin, both at play ;
The garden work fell to Marie,
Thérèse would kneel apart and pray.
At last they both in Carmel met,
Their childhood's longings they obey,
Each one a holy anchoret,
Working for heaven by night, by day.





— 20 —

Thérèse at eight and a half years
and Céline at twelve.

From a photograph, June, 1881.



Close to her dearly loved Céline,
We see Thérèse at eight years old ;
Oh with what grace the “little Queen”
Shall her true loveliness unfold !
Upon her lips—how sweet a smile,
Her eyes as deepening azure blue,
All in her seems to say the while
Jesus her heart keeps pure and true.





— 21 —

Thérèse in her uniform as pupil at the
abbey of the Benedictines of Lisieux.

From a drawing by Céline.



Thérèse was e'er on study bent,
A model child of virtue tried,
But Catechism ever meant
More to her soul than all beside.
There, naught was strange, all gave delight,
God's law her loyal heart did stir,
The Chaplain hearing her recite,
The "little doctor" christened her.





— 22 —

The Most Holy Virgin smiling on
Thérèse when a child and curing
her of a serious illness.

May 13. 1883.



O child, with rapture glows thy face,
But why at such a moment blest,
When heavenly rays thy spirit grace,
Should tear-drops on thy lashes rest?
“It is because this light divine
Will fade too quickly from my eyes,
My Mother’s face that smiles on mine,
I see no more till Paradise.”





— 23 —

Thérèse wishes to run to
Mgr. Hugonin
to obtain permission to advance the
time of her First Communion.

Her eldest sister, Marie, restrains her.

1883.



Thérèse, while walking out, descried
The saintly Bishop of Bayeux,
With Canons grave on either side,
Advancing very near to her.
“Oh, I must run to ask his leave,”
She said unto her dear Marie,
“If I my Jesus may receive
Without delay, immediately.”





— 24 —

First Communion of Saint Thérèse
of the Child Jesus in the chapel of
the Benedictines of Lisieux.

May 8, 1884.



Celestial day ! Unclouded light !
O rapturous first Communion hour ;
Thérèse, in language of delight,
Hath called it “ fusion,” word of power.
Her face entranced was strangely lit,
She wept with bliss and happiness,
For joy supreme and infinite
O’erflowed her heart with love’s excess.





— 25 —

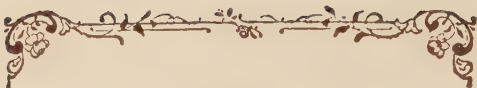
Portrait of Thérèse as a First
Communicant.

From a drawing by Céline.



In her white garments she exhaled
The fragrant breath of innocence ;
But with a trust that never failed
She wrote and taught with love intense :
“ Were sins upon me—mountain high,
And crimes of deadliest offence,
To my Redeemer I would fly
With unabated confidence.”





... 26 ...

The chosen recreation of Thérèse
at "Les Buissonnets" on holidays.



Thérèse, oft in her little room
On holidays would go alone,
Beside her bed in quiet gloom,
Its snowy curtains round her thrown :
And there, "I think and think," she saith,
"Of Jesus, of eternity,
Of life so soon to pass in death,
Of time, that flieth rapidly."





— 27 —

Thérèse at thirteen years of age.

From a photograph of 1886.



With her blond curls and lovely face,
Life's flowery path her step delayed
One moment—dazzled by the grace
Of worldly beauty, soon to fade.
Emotion stirred her soul that day,
And pity spoke with strong appeal,
“For souls by pleasure led astray,
What deep compassion do I feel!”





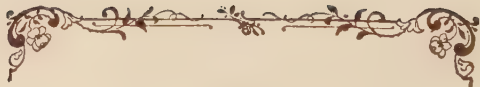
— 28 —

Thérèse instructs two poor children
in the garden at “Les Buissonnets.”



Thérèse advanced in age, but more
In grace and virtue did she grow ;
Two little ones she laboured o'er,
The love of Jesus to bestow.
“Give to the good God generously,
Your souls will like a lily rise,
And He will guard it faithfully,
Leading you on to Paradise.”





— 29 —

Thérèse and her sister Céline.

From a drawing by Céline.



Her sisters three God's summons hear,
Leaving Thérèse with her Céline,
The former in her fifteenth year,
The latter just about eighteen.
Behold them ! See their gentle ways,
They dream of heavenly delights,
Their tender attitude displays
The love that each fond heart unites.





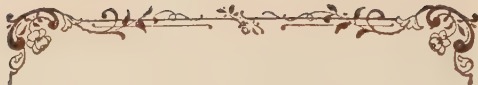
— 30 —

After having received a signal grace
on Christmas Night, 1886, Thérèse
becomes an apostle by prayer.



Love's burning zeal for sinful soul
Follows the grace of Christmastide ;
Its flames burst from her heart's control,
And pardon will not be denied :
Who does not know the history—
Pranzini fierce, the brigand wild,—
Thérèse, after her victory,
Called him with love her own first child.





— 31 —

On Pentecost after Vespers Thérèse
asked her Father's permission to
enter Carmel at fifteen years.

May 29, 1887.



'Tis Sunday eve—in garden fair
Her little heart with love expands ;
Near her good father seated there
She tells of all that God demands.
“O Papa, give me leave, and I
At fifteen years to Him will go.”
“Go,” was her noble sire's reply,
“With God no bargaining we know.”





— 32 —

Thérèse at fifteen years of age
with her Father.

From a drawing by Céline.



Oh if Thérèse loved tenderly
Her father, he was not outdone ;
A mother's heart God gave, that he
Might cherish more this little one.
His age, alas ! knew sorrow's plaint,
'Twas signed with bitter sacrifice ;
But to be father of a Saint,
Is honour worthy any price !





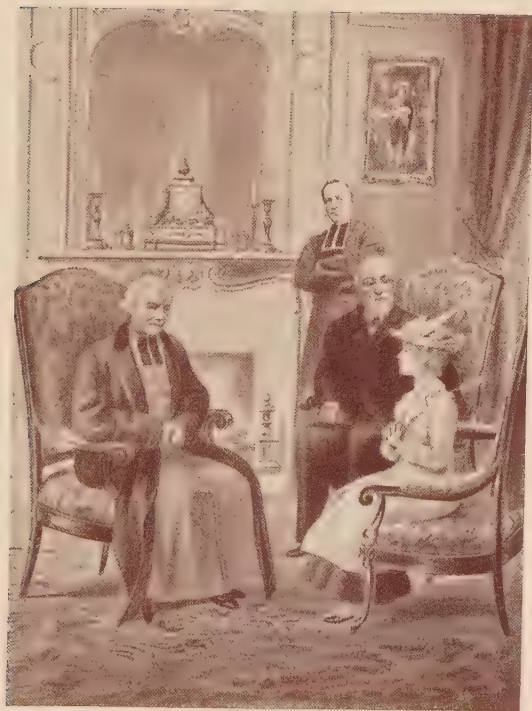
Thérèse with the Bishop of Bayeux.

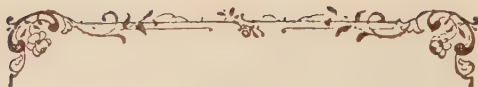
With her father she explains to Mgr. Hugonin her desires for the religious life, the realization of which has been postponed until her majority by the Superiors of Carmel.

The Abbé Révérony, Vicar-General, is present at the interview.



To seem mature, this sweet young girl,
Before the Bishop of Bayeux,
Has put up every flowing curl,
A ruse quite innocent of her.
“Speak,” said her father, “speak the word,
Fear not thy longing to confide.”
The Bishop and the Vicar heard,
But nothing then would they decide.





— 34 —

Thérèse at Rome before
Pope Leo XIII.

Sunday, November 20, 1887.

From a drawing by Céline.



Unto the great Pope Leo, came
Our Thérèse as a last resource ;
He blessed her but no date would name—
“To find God’s will,” her only course.
It was thy hour of weakness then,
Another hour shall dawn to be
Thy joy, Thérèse, thy glory, when
The Vatican shall welcome thee.





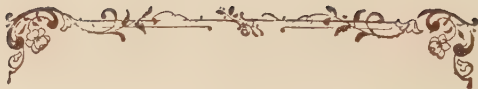
— 35 —

Thérèse and Céline at the Coliseum.



The Coliseum thrilled her soul,
When kneeling with her dear Céline,
To kiss the ground where to their goal
The Martyrs ran through tortures keen.
She there conceived a wish sublime,
That hers might be the palm above ;
God saw her longings, and in time
Granted a martyrdom of love.





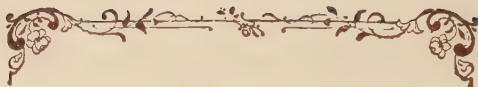
— 36 —

Thérèse in a gondola at Venice.



Sailing, while breezes light caress,
Thérèse at Venice now we see,
She dreams of future happiness,
While in her loved ones' company.
But 'tis a sea without a shore
For which her longing heart is fain,
Where living waters souls restore,
Where they are washed from every stain.





— 37 —

The Entrance at Carmel.

Before entering the Monastery, Thérèse, with her father and accompanied by relatives, comes to assist at Mass in the Carmelite Chapel.

April 9, 1888.



Take thy swift flight, O radiant dove,
Respond to the divine appeal ;
No tomb will close thy wings above,
Carmel will fuller life reveal.
When Mass is over say farewell
To aged father, sisters dear,
Have courage and each loved one tell
Of future glory to appear.





— 38 —

Thérèse as a postulant sweeping
the cloister.



Is it for this thou didst bereave
Thy loving home, thy dear ones all ;
Is it for this we now perceive
Thy lovely curls 'neath cap in thrall ?
She answers low, "The Virgin sweet
Knew toil and labour such as this,
To image her is joy complete,
Sinners I draw from dark abyss."





Thérèse receiving the Habit.

I

January 10, 1889.

After Mass, at which Blessed Thérèse received Communion near her father in the sanctuary of the chapel, she re-entered the Monastery for the ceremony, properly called the Clothing or Receiving of the Habit.



Bowed at the Monastery door,
Before her father kneels Thérèse;
With faith, God's mercy to implore,
He blesses her this day of days.
O spectacle the Angels see,
Rejoicing as they hover nigh;
Present, O heavenly galaxy,
This holocaust to the Most High.





The Clothing or Reception of the Habit.

II

While chanting the hymn, “O Gloriosa Virginum,” the religious accompany the novice to the choir. The procession passes through the cloister, where is seen a statue of the Child Jesus, now called “Little Jesus of Thérèse.”



In her attire lily-white
The “little Queen” is led, the while
Virginal hymns awake delight,
And little Jesus seems to smile.
In heaven—in cloister too below,
A sacred retinue is near,
While in the court fast falls the snow.
This she desired—behold it here!





— 41 —

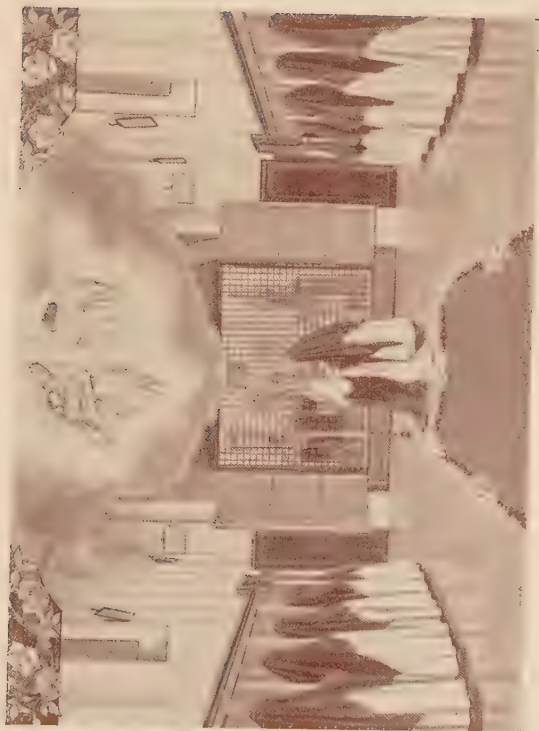
The Clothing or Reception of the Habit.

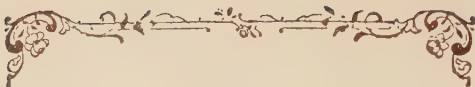
III

Before the choir grate Blessed Thérèse of the
Child Jesus receives the livery of Carmel.



They clothe our little heroine
In robe of brown, in mantle white ;
Then in divinest peace begin
Her spousals to the Lamb of Light.
Thérèse, when prostrate, what desire
Stirred thy deep soul, thy spirit moved ?
“ My destiny did I aspire,
To love, and then to make Love loved.”





— 42 —

Thérèse a novice at sixteen in the
court of Carmel.

From a photograph.



To Calv'ry Jesus drew His bride,
Rather than unto Thabor's joy ;
Her heart no sacrifice denied,
She welcomed pain without alloy ;
But o'er the Cross God threw a veil,
Only her loving soul could see,
And though her smile will never fail,
You will know all eternally.





— 43 —

Thérèse a novice
without her mantle
on the other side of the Cross.
From a photograph.



At the same Calvary she stands,
But we can see her nearer now ;
Her candid air our love commands,
Peace hovers o'er her gentle brow.
She wishes little to remain,
This will require supernal art ;
We, too, aspire this heavenly gain,
Which, God reveals, will charm His Heart.





— 44 —

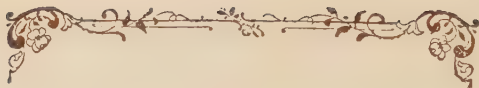
On the evening of her profession,
Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
contemplates the starry heavens.

September 8, 1890, Feast of the Nativity of the
Blessed Virgin.



Thérèse, as breaks the morning light,
Fervently breathes her triple vows :
Behold her crowned this sacred night,
O'er stars of Heav'n she sees her Spouse.
"Soon, soon—to-morrow all is o'er,
And will be consummate for me,
One with my King for evermore,
I go to joy eternally."





— 45 —

Portrait of Saint Thérèse of the
Child Jesus with the black veil of
the professed

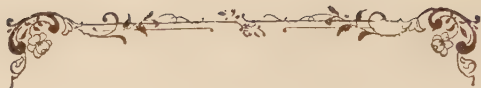
which she received on September 24, 1890,
Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

(This photograph was not taken until five
years later.)



Two feasts of our dear Lady see,
The breaking of all former ties ;
The blessed one espoused shall be
To Jesus, like the virgins wise.
The second sees a sombre veil,
Hiding her from the world for e'er,
But soon a radiant star we hail,
From shadow dawns a vision fair.





— 46 —

The Saint throwing flowers under
the feet of the Child Jesus.

Allegorical picture of her interior life.



This image allegorical
Displays her work for God below,
She knows no other life at all,
But roses 'neath His feet to throw :—
Her daily suffering gaily borne,
This homage Jesus understands,
She strews the rose and keeps the thorn
He reaches out His little hands.





— 47 —

Portrait of Saint Thérèse of the
Child Jesus with harp and Gospel.

From a painting by Céline, 1907.



This harp her life's sweet echo here,
The Gospel leaned upon her breast,
Maketh in allegory clear,
Her lifelong fervour manifest.
Peace hovered o'er her from above,
The while she sang by night, by day,
"Jesus, Thy life my book of love,
To Thee I give myself for aye."





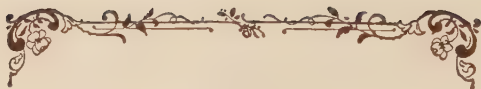
— 48 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
as refectorian.



Unto our eyes, humble Thérèse,
How simple is this lowly task,
But 'tis thy love the good God weighs—
A pure intention He doth ask.
When we afar behold a star,
'Tis but a point in heaven's height,
When space to vision is no bar,
Immense the dazzling globe of light.





— 49 —

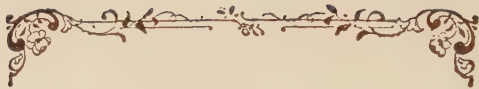
The laundry of the Carmel of Lisieux.

The place occupied by Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus she chose so as to be near a Sister who, through want of skill, continually splashed her.



In her short life how many a time
This lowly spot she gladly trod,
Her soul rejoiced with thought sublime,
To immolate herself for God.
“This is the chosen place for me,”
She said, with gladsome, smiling face,
“For splashed and sprinkled I shall be.”
Thus did her soul win treasured grace.





— 50 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
leading to the refectory an old
and infirm sister.



At eve, when leaving choir and prayer,
With tender mien and gentle tread,
To refectory plain and bare,
A Sister quite infirm she led.
Ten minutes' charity was this,
But to her heart 'twas dearer far
Than centuries of gaieties,
Where vain and worldly pleasures are.





— 51 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
in her cell writing her life.



Now in her solitary cell,
From human vision hid away,
In silence and in prayer as well,
She humbly labours through the day.
Sewing and painting now by turns,
She works until the evening hour,
When, as God's love within her burns,
She writes her life by spirit power.





— 52 —

Interior of the Carmel of Lisieux.

From a photograph.



Behold the Court, the Chapel there,
These are the Cloisters of Lisieux ;
Thérèse to grace was faithful e'er,
As precious days sped on for her.
A cross her window marks for us,
Will she to open it appear ?
Shall we a moment see her thus ?
No, but how sweet the souvenir !





— 53 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
meditating near the old cemetery
of the Carmelites in the garden
of the monastery.

From a photograph, 1895.



Nigh to the cemetery old,
Beside the wall in shadow dense,
Thérèse in prayer we now behold,
Her gaze how searching, how intense !
In silence she is seeking there
How she can give to simple heart
A child-like spirit, O how rare !
And dreams of drawing such apart.





— 54 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
as Sacristan.



Thérèse this office blest esteemed
As sacred treasure, holiest care ;
• Happy her noble lot she deemed,
These golden vessels to prepare ;
And often in her eyes there beamed
An ardent and ecstatic glow,
For in some way she shared, it seemed,
In priestly service here below.





Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
officiating in her turn and reciting
in the middle of the choir the
prayer of the Canonical Office.



The Breviary in the choir,
She loved to chant in sweet accord
Aloud and clear, hearts to inspire,
Like to the priests of Christ the Lord.
The Sisters all inclined appear,
'Tis Carmel's custom at this time ;
This soul predestined then they hear,
As 'twere celestial song sublime.





— 56 —

Mystical grace of the dart of fire in June, 1895.

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus offered herself as a victim to the merciful love of God, and some days after, when making the way of the Cross, she had a sensible proof that her offering was pleasing to Heaven.



Her offering made as victim blest,
Love-merciful gives pledge divine
To her, ineffably addressed
By intimate, mysterious sign.
Like to the great Teresa's heart
This "little one's" would seem to be,
Wounded by keen and fiery dart,
Plunged in fierce flames eternally.





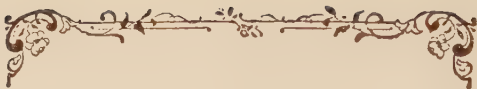
— 57 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
and her novices strewing roses
before the Crucifix in the court.



Though called not “ Mother ” yet the power
She exercised, then see her here,
By Calv’ry at the evening hour,
With all her Novices anear ;
She tells the meaning, with delight,
Of scattered flowers at Jesus’ feet,
Word and example both unite
To make the thought of virtue sweet.





Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
and her sister Céline
(Sr. Genevieve of the Holy Face)
on the Profession day of the latter.
(Saint Thérèse on her knees at the foot of the
Calvary scattering a rose.)
From a photograph.



How ardent was her constant prayer
To draw Céline from earth away,
How intimate her joy and rare,
Upon her glad profession day.
A rose before the Cross again
Thérèse triumphant strewed with praise,
Jesus bound closely sisters twain,
In union sweet of other days.



These ladies were a grand affair
in the time of the French Revolution
and were the first to appear
in the streets of Paris.



— 59 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

From a photograph, 1895.



This portrait all have loved to see,
And here we learn a trial sore:
'Twas heaven, Thérèse, long closed for thee,
And well thy faith this testing bore.
Sublime the programme of thy life;
All Apostolic was thy cry,
The darkness of thine inward strife,
Enlightened sinners from on high.





— 60 —

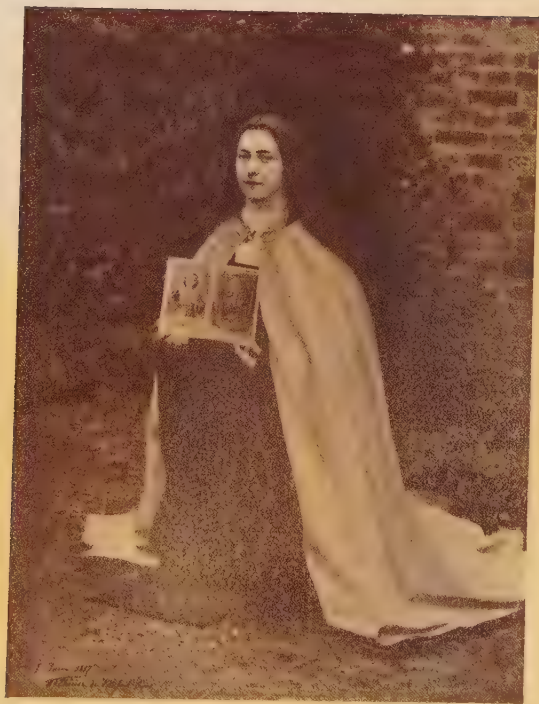
Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
four months before her death.

June 7, 1897.

From a photograph.



Behold Thérèse, how grave her mien,
Her bondage she is soon to break,
The truth is easy to be seen,
From captive chains her flight she'll take.
Sweet does her countenance appear,
Her eyes with fervent longing shine,
That we embrace what she held dear,
The Infancy—the Cross divine.





— 61 —

The chestnut path
and the wheel-chair
in which Saint Thérèse of the Child
Jesus wrote the last pages of her life.

From a photograph.



From time to time she hither strayed,
Where sunshine through the branches gleamed,
On Sundays 'neath the leafy shade,
Of the Eternal Spring she dreamed.
'Twas in yon little carriage then,
They wheeled her forth when she was ill,
The story of her life to pen,
Its golden lessons to instil.





— 62 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
one month before her death
strewing roses upon her Crucifix.

From a photograph.

August 30, 1897.



'Twas with a sweet indifference
She welcomed joy, she welcomed pain,
The roses of her confidence
She strewed, and sang with joyous strain:
“Dear Lord, death-shadows near I see,
In yon deep valley they descend,
My faith unconquered there shall be,
Thou wilt sustain me to the end,”





— 63 —

Window of the infirmary looking
upon the garden.

From a photograph.

The statue of the angel is an “ex-voto” of
the soldiers.



In the Infirmary we see
A window on the garden side,
A place of prayer henceforth to be,
Since there the “Seraphim” hath died.
There was displayed her warrior soul,
Soldiers attest her last fierce fight,
Their proud “ex-voto” marks the goal,
An angel marks her spirit flight.





— 64 —

Last Communion of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus.



The last Communion hath reposed
In the beloved of Jesus' Heart ;
But still her soul remains enclosed,
In sombre prison held apart.
With smiling lips, O dear Thérèse,
Thou canst in very truth avow,
Thy martyrdom in hidden ways,
God keepeth secret even now.





— 65 —

Ecstasy of the last moment.

From a drawing by Céline.



In midst of her slow agony,
So terrible yet fair withal,
She seemeth now to say, "I see,"
Radiant, she hears the heavenly call;
And when her eyes, suffused with light,
Are lowered from their gaze above,
Thérèse afar hath winged her flight,
After her raptured death of love !





— 66 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
after her death.

From a drawing by Céline.



Her virginal and august bier
Now breathes her hidden joy supreme,
Her attitude ideal here
Is like a fading lily's gleam :
Her smile now seemeth to confess
What she is thinking in her heart,
“ My God is love and tenderness ;
I long this lesson to impart.”





— 67 —

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

From a picture by Céline, 1912.



Covering with flowers as with flames,
The Crucifix, thy tree divine,
Returning now souls to reclaim,
Chant thy refrain, so sweet, benign ;
“Believe ye all, my way is sure,
Plunge not your hearts in torment sore,
Love of the creature will ensure
Creator love for evermore.”



270.05

dup.

22723

T 344

CARMELITES

AUTHOR

Life of Saint Theres
of the Child Jesus

TITLE

(In Pictures)

DATE
LOANED

BORROWER'S NAME

11/18/53

POETZ L
Brown

Nockowski

22723

